

THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

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Circulation
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Sunday, Sept. 4, 1932



Pets by Henry Clive
Verses by
Carolyn Wells

No. 3—"Bill" and "Coo"

Few things I like so well to do
As watch my Love-birds bill and coo;
Somebody—never mind his name—
Says we beat them at their own game!
These Love-birds make my heart-strings thrill,
But which is Coo and which is Bill?

Old Library Reveals Story of Royal Kidnaping



This illustration from the lost book shows the kidnaping of the famous Persian lover. The actual kidnaping, so the story goes, were disguised as animals. The chief plotter is seen accompanying the Shah.

FOR centuries there has been a legend in Persia that Shah Behram Gurr, one of the rulers of the country in ancient times, was kidnapped by Banu-Ham, the young and beautiful queen of a neighboring state. According to the legend, the Shah, himself young and a notorious admirer of feminine beauty, was so smitten by his kidnaper that he forgot all about his own throne for several years and did not return home until his affection for the high-handed lady had cooled considerably.

This story, it seems, actually happened, for a few weeks ago Dr. Ibrahim Yusef, a collector of Persian manuscripts, came across a bundle of

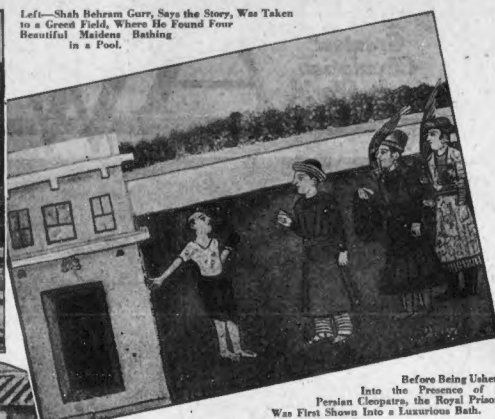
parchment in a forgotten niche of the library of an ancient mosque. When this parchment, which was profusely illustrated with rare water colors, four of which are reproduced on this page, was translated it turned out to be a historical record of the supposed legend of Behram Gurr and Queen Banu-Ham.

The hand-drawn manuscript related how the Queen, hearing of the handsome and beauty-loving Shah, sent an emissary to Persia to take the ruler of the country for "a ride." When the Shah realized that he had been spirited away he fought his captors, but when, after a luxurious and perfumed bath—and the sight of many beautiful maidens—he was taken about in a pool—he was taken into the presence of the Queen, he fell in love with her at first sight and was quite willing to become her consort.

For four long years the Shah's many wives and his subjects wondered "what had become of him. They assumed that enemies had murdered him, and elaborate memorial services were held for him.

The Shah Before His Beautiful Captor, Banu-Ham. The Story Ends Happily, for the Shah Fell in Love and Forgot All About His Own Subjects and Even His Haven.

Left—Shah Behram Gurr, Says the Story, Was Taken to a Green Field, Where He Found Four Beautiful Maidens Bathing in a Pool.



Before Being Unhired Into the Presence of the Persian Cleopatra, the Royal Prisoner Was First Shown Into a Luxurious Bath.

home, but he willingly agreed to keep his delightful imprisonment a secret, because he was afraid that his successor to the Persian throne might invade his adopted country with a powerful army and bring his exquisite existence to a violent end. Finally, after four years of blissful romance, the Shah and the Queen discovered that they were getting a bit bored with each other, so they decided that it would be best for them to part. Behram was sent home in state and resumed his throne, but the story of his "imprisonment" leaked out, and his wives and subjects never quite forgave him.



Mrs. G. B. Gray, of Denver, Colorado, and Brawn, Her Eight-Year-Old Setter, Which Has Been Cured of Rheumatism by Having His Tonsils Removed.



Dr. Thurlow Llewellyn, Dean of the School of Music of Wichita (Kansas) University, Who Spends Many Months With Leaders of American Indian Tribes, Studying and Recording Their Ceremonial Music for Posterity, and for One of the Most Unusual Musical Libraries in the World.

Recording Weird Indian Music

THE plaintive ceremonial songs of the Indian tribes of the Southwest are being recorded for posterity by Dr. Thurlow Llewellyn, famous American composer and dean of the School of Music of the University of Wichita.

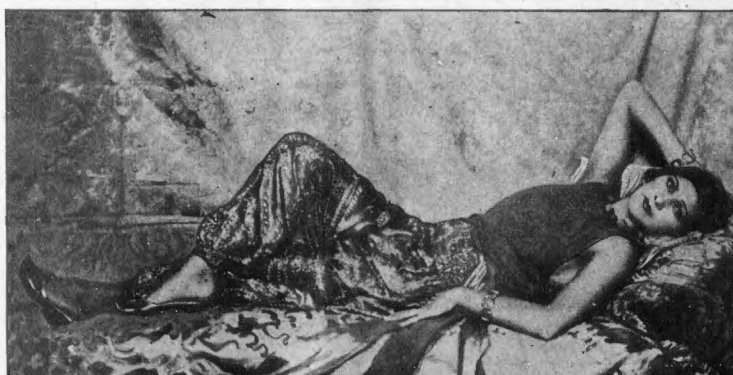
For several years Dean Llewellyn has spent the Summer months among the Indians, recording their songs and embodying their legends and history in compositions of his own. He has been a member of several tribes, and everywhere is known as the "paleface friend of the Red Man."

Before this year Dr. Llewellyn has confined his work mostly to the northern tribes. It was in the north that he got the inspiration for "By the Waters of Minnetonka," a melody that has been played and sung over every radio station, on thousands of phonographs and by artists in the concert halls of Europe as well as in America.

This year the composer traveled through the Southwest with the latest recording equipment. His first stop was among the Tano pueblo tribe, along the banks of the Tano River in New Mexico. From there Dr. Llewellyn went to Santa Fe, where for the first time tribal and ceremonial songs of the San Domingo tribe were recorded.

Thirty-one of the Indian records made by the Indians' "paleface friend" on previous vacation trips are filed in the Smithsonian Institution, where they will be permanently preserved as part of the valuable lore of the American Indian tribes. Many of the recordings he made this year will find their way to the Institution, to be added to the unique and valuable collection.

Some of the Indian music Dr. Llewellyn recorded this year will be used in the second part of his "Prairie Sketches," a musical epic of the prairie country, which already has gained recognition among composers and music lovers all over the world. His "Minisla," the first symphonic poem ever written with an entirely American theme, is a Zuni maiden, and contains music from both Northern and Southern Indians.



Mlle. Ribes, the Algerian Beauty Who Has Been Selected to Represent France's African Colonies at Beauty Pageants Throughout Europe. Experts Say She Is the Most Beautiful Woman in All Africa.

Africa's Prettiest Woman

ALTHOUGH she did not capture first honors, Mlle. Ribes was the sensation of the so-called National Fete of Fair Women recently staged in the famed Ambassadeurs night club in Paris. The promoters of this pageant of beauty, when they were making their plans for the contest, had the happy inspiration of inviting the French colonies to send their most beautiful women to the French capital for the occasion. Not all of the colonies accepted the invitation, but Algeria jumped at the opportunity to show off its most charming feminine citizen, Mlle. Ribes.

Few people in Paris had heard this woman's name on the opening night of the competition, and they hardly knew what to expect when the announcer turned to the wings of the stage of the Ambassadeurs and called for "Miss Algeria." Most of the smartly dressed men and women seated at the tables about the dance floor probably visualized a typical native Arab maid, dark of skin and much too plump to measure up to the beauty standards of sophisticated Europeans. The Arab, it seems, like their beauties well appeared.

The instant Mlle. Ribes appeared on the stage the place began to buzz with

excitement, and her entrance was greeted with a spontaneous burst of applause. It was true that her complexion was dark, but her coffee-with-cream coloring served to accentuate her gleaming black hair and her big brown eyes. She was tall, beautifully formed and walked with easy grace.

The judges of the contest were noticeably excited over this visitor from across the Mediterranean. They gesticulated at one another and had much to say about her Cupid's bow lips, her graceful hands and arms and her perfect feet. Mlle. Ribes, they agreed, was a modern Cleopatra. She possessed a mystery and a natural languor peculiarly her own.

In the finale the Algerian girl was accorded the title "Miss Africa," and was urged to remain in Paris long enough for several prominent artists to put her dark comeliness on canvas. At least two producers of revues sought her services, promising to make her the star of big scenes which would be lavishly and spectacularly Algerian. But Mademoiselle would make no promises because she prefers the northern coast of Africa to any other place in the world and was a little homesick.

Dog Has Tonsils Removed

MODERN dogs have fallen heir to the so-called civilized ills that afflict their masters. This fact was emphasized recently in the case of Brawn, an 8-year-old Llewellyn setter owned by Mrs. G. B. Gray, of Denver, social leader and dog fancier.

Mrs. Gray owned Brawn from puppyhood. When he contracted rheumatism she felt almost as badly as he did, because he was decidedly one of the family and she hated to contemplate the prospect of losing him. Several veterinarians treated Brawn, but without result. Then came one who said: "Bad tonsils. They ought to come out."

So Brawn was carted off to a dog hospital. Out came the tonsils and back came Brawn's friskiness.

"He's as lively as a pup," Mrs. Gray said. "Here's hoping he doesn't get appendicitis." Said the veterinarian, after the operation: "Dogs are almost human. Dogs, however, frequently suffer from infected tonsils. They eat man's soft, cooked food. As a result, their teeth, gums and tonsils are robbed of natural massage."

Everyone who reads the toothpaste ads knows what I mean. Dogs suffer from "pink toothbrush" as well as human beings. Frequently, bad teeth and bad tonsils result in complete paralysis for dogs. Veterinary science is called upon for the removal of the teeth or the snipping out of the tonsils and the dogs respond to the treatment as readily as humans do.

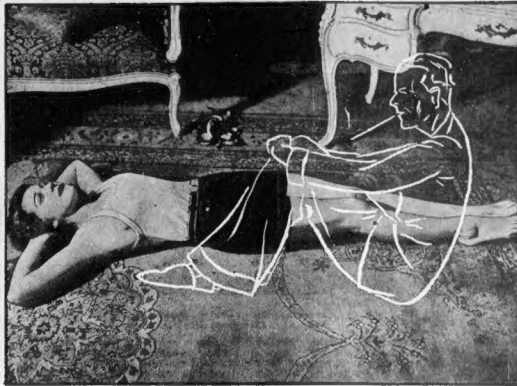
Veterinarians all over the country were keenly interested in the operation that cured a family pet of rheumatism, for many of them have attempted various ways of treating the ailment without diagnosing the cause as infected tonsils.

Always Thinking of the Man She Loves

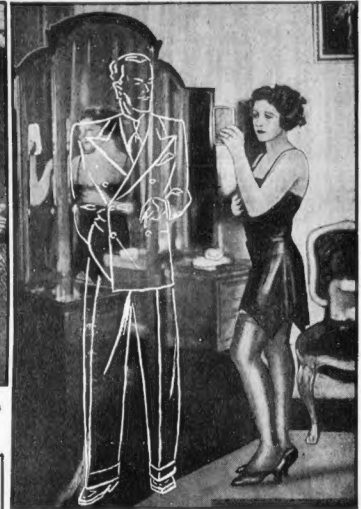
Science Studies the Differences Between Men and Women and Upsets Many Popular Notions, But Confirms the Poet's Belief That "Man's Love Is of Man's Life a Thing Apart, 'Tis Woman's Whole Existence"



The Moment She Wakes Up in the Morning and as She Sits in Her Wrapper Waiting for Her Bath She Thinks of Him.



As She Stretches Herself to Take Her "Daily Dozen" She Dreams the Man She Loves Is Beside Her and Wonders if He Is Thinking of Her, Too.



Before Her Dresser She Seems to See in Her Hand Mirror Not Her Own Face, but the Figure of "The Only Man in the World."

"**M**AN'S love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence." So wrote the great English poet and lover, Lord Byron—and modern psychology agrees with him.

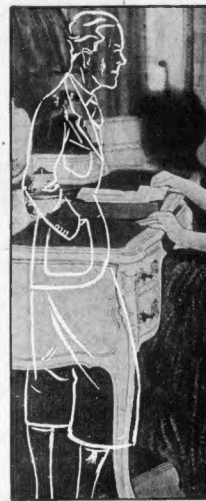
Down through the centuries woman has been viewed and treated quite differently from time to time—held in contempt and slavery by her master or set on an absurd pedestal of angelic attributes during the age of chivalry. But modern science has examined and compared man and his mate and some curious things have been discovered. Many notorious notions have been exploded—woman is not the "weaker sex," she is not more sensitive to pain, and it has been found that girls have as much average mechanical ability as boys, if not a little more.

But the poet Byron is proved to have been right when, with scientific accuracy, he pointed to what turns out to be the greatest difference between the sexes. Love is an incident in man's life, but is largely "woman's whole existence." And science is able to explain how human evolution has brought about this difference. Nowadays any average woman can make her living without depending on a man. If she loves him, or pretends to, that is not because of necessity.

But this was not always so. In cave-man times, when the human character was being forged for all time by the insistent pressure of nature, a woman living alone was impossible. She could not light the wild beasts of the forest nor the perhaps equally wild creatures of some neighboring tribe of men or apemen. Her only protection and her only livelihood lay in loving some man and in persuading him to love her, so that the two of them together might survive and be comfortable. The men of those times, on the contrary, were much less dependent on women; even less so, perhaps, than men are today. It is but natural, therefore, that love, which was so vitally important to prehistoric women, should have become a larger factor in the feminine constitution than in the masculine.

This first place of love in woman's mind is indicated, even in college students or still younger people, by all of the tests that the psychologists make. Some years ago, for example, Dr. Lewis Terman, of Stanford University, applied to groups of boys and girls separately what are called the "association tests," in which the examiner mentions one after another a long list of words, and the subject examined is supposed to reply instantly with some other word which the first word suggests. When Dr. Terman found, the word "party" was most likely to bring up such replies as "dress" or "boy," indicating the usual trend of the feminine mind in the direction of boys and of love. On the other hand, responded to the word "party" most frequently by the reply "eat," showing with equal clearness just what feature of a party appealed to them.

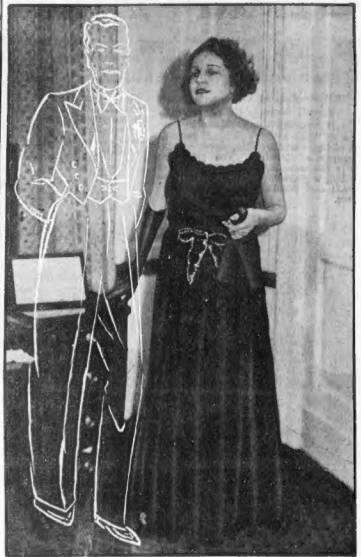
Similarly with the word, "squeeze." Professor Terman reported, the most frequent feminine response was "love," but that of the boys, alas for theories of masculine romance, was "lemon." The same set of differences shows up, other observers have found, in the hallucinations which are not uncommon among both men and women. When people are asleep these hallucinations are called dreams. With waking people they are responsible for many of the optical and other illusions that make people think that they have seen ghosts or other mysterious or supernatural things. Such experiences, modern theories of psychology say, usually



Trying to Attend to Her Mail, She Is Distracted by the Vision of Her Lover in Gold Togs and Longs to Be With Him.



After Luncheon at the Piano, Every Melody Brings Vivid Remembrance of Him and He Seems to Be Standing Beside Her.



And Dressing for the Evening, She Takes Little Interest in the Dresser Party Because the Only Man Who Interests Her Is Absent.

are caused by the brain misinterpreting sensations of one kind or another from the body.

A sleeper, for example, rolls out partly from under the bed covers and feels slightly cold. That sensation is interpreted in some manner by the sleeping mind, so that the victim dreams of wading in a river or of being caught in a shower or of some other experience usually related to the cold sensation. Or perhaps the sensation is inverted in the sleeping mind so that the sleeper dreams of making a fire in the furnace or of taking a trip to the Sahara Desert. Just so, a waking person may see out of the corner of an eye the slight swaying of a curtain or even the shadow of the string on his eyeglasses or of a wisp of hair hanging down the side of the face. Again the mind misinterprets this, either for a moment or permanently, so that the presence of another person or of a spectre is imagined.

Study of exactly what things are seen in sleeping dreams or in waking hallucinations may yield, the psychologists report, much valuable information not only about the mind of the individual being studied but about the workings of the human mind in general. One of the things discovered is indicated by the photographs posed on this page. Men may think of almost anything, or see almost anything; women, if they are in love, think of and see most often the mental image of their lover.

These mental images may be suggested by almost anything. An accidental touch of a sleeping woman's

hand to the woodwork of her bed, or his accidental pressure under a roll of bed clothes may suggest a dream of holding hands with her lover. In a waking state, anything that suggests what the lover is doing now or that recalls some mutual experiences in the past is enough to conjure up, as the artist has shown, the image of the absent loved one; ever-present, however, in the impressionable feminine mind.

Another indication of this is the fact observed generally by students of hypnosis that women are likely to be more easily hypnotized than men, and usually are especially easy to hypnotize if the hypnotist happens to be a man whom they love or feel that they might love. Hypnotism, modern studies have proved is merely an exaggerated concentration of the interests and powers of the mind into a single direction, so that ordinary distractions which interfere with such extreme mental concentration no longer have power to affect it. A woman in love already is partly hypnotized. She will believe what her lover says, even if it is lies. She will see her lover in her mind's eye on all possible and impossible occasions, very much as the truly hypnotized person sees whatever hallucinations the hypnotist suggests.

Another indication of the ways in which women's and men's minds have been shaped in these particular cases to light a few months ago in England when a government committee made a study of the motives that influence the average customer, male or female, in buying things at one store rather than at another. Much to everyone's

surprise, the chief feminine motive in buying clothing, for example, was not found to be style. Instead it was good value for the money. Style came second.

The list of men's motives had other surprises. Style, again, was second on the list in the minds of male clothing buyers, although most experienced storekeepers probably would have rated this motive much lower as a controlling factor in their masculine trade. The first male motive was found to be experience with the store or with the article bought and satisfaction with these previous purchases. Men, that is, buy what they have become used to; women buy what they deem to be a bargain.

At first sight, this prevailing motive of bargain hunting seems to have little relation to the love motive which psychologists insist usually is paramount, yet its relation is there. Since the English questionnaire was applied, in the main, to ordinary members of the population, most of the women concerned were being supported by men of their families—husbands, fathers and others. Thus they were away, as psychologists insist that the majority of women always are, by the motive of aiding their loved ones by making the money supplied by this male member of the family go as far as possible. Style being next on the list, may be traced, similarly, to the desire to look well in beloved masculine eyes.

A salesman's guarantee, certainly among the most reasonable motives in

making purchases, ranked only ninth, the British committee found, in the feminine list; indicating both savings or appearance are more prominent in the mind of the female purchaser than assurance of getting full value received.

People sometimes object to the idea that love motives prevail among women by pointing out, the not unusual fact of extreme feminine cruelty. Women often are far more cruel and inconsiderate to people whom they do not love than men are.

The fact is admitted, but the explanation, psychologists insist, is precisely because these subjects of feminine cruelty are the people who are not loved. A year or so ago the distinguished British divorce lawyer, Sir Ellis H. Williams, published in London a volume of his experiences at the British bar. One of his conclusions was that the most extreme examples of cold-blooded, relentless cruelty encountered in his whole experience were

on the part of women who had been in love with one man and had fallen in love, afterwards, with someone else.

Not infrequently, every criminologist knows, these instances of transferred affection result in murders or other crimes of which the woman concerned seems quite incapable. In the majority of such triangles which thus reach the criminal courts, the woman turns out to have been the leader and inspirer of the crime, driven by what seems a consuming hate. The real motive, however, psychologists again insist, is love; love for the new man who has supplanted the old in the woman's mind to such an extent that nothing else, not even motives of prudence or of common humanity toward the former lover, can have any influence at all.

Any woman in love, poets and psychologists agree, has no room in her mind, her dreams or her hallucinations for anything else; not even for pity, where she deems the rights or interests of her lover to be involved.

Preached Against Divorce — Then Got One Himself



The Reverend Dr. Oliver D. Baltzy, of Omaha, Nebraska, who spent most of his ministerial career preaching and writing against divorce, but who finally got one himself.

THE good people of Omaha, Nebraska, are agog at the surprising about-face of Dr. Oliver D. Baltzy, until recently a fiery and outspoken enemy of divorce.

Dr. Baltzy felt so strongly about people who had their marital bonds untied in the courts that he wrote thousands of words attacking the divorce evil. "Marriage and salvation," he said, "belong to God. Our Lord Jesus Christ has stated specifically that there is but one Scriptural cause for divorce which permits remarriage." The parson was, of course, referring to infidelity. Many, many times he has refused to perform the marriage ceremony for people who have been divorced.

Omaha is agog at Dr. Baltzy because he recently divorced the woman



The Reverend Dr. Baltzy in his clerical study, where his indictments against severance of marital bonds were written, but where he welcomed the woman who was later dragged into his suit.

he married after a college romance and who worked by his side for more than twenty years.

Her husband, wanting perhaps to square his action with his emphatic statements about divorce, recently revised his views—not on the one justifiable cause for divorce, but on the definition of infidelity. The Scriptural meaning of the word "infidelity," he now believes, might include any failure to accept the responsibilities of matri-

mony. Under this definition cruelty would be a sort of infidelity.

Dr. Baltzy's congregation was shocked at his decision to take his matrimonial troubles to court, but they were more or less prepared for his action because, for some time before the case was tried, it was known that the clergyman and his wife were not getting along well and that there were indications, according to testimony, that

the doctor was giving a great deal of his time to one of his feminine parishioners—a charming divorcee.

After an Arkansas judge had handed down the decree that made Dr. Baltzy a free agent, he made one last pronouncement about divorce. It was this: "I have lived a clean life and I have no apologies to make. I still believe that divorced people should not be allowed to marry again."



Kountze Memorial Lutheran Church, Omaha, of which the divorced clergyman was pastor.



Mrs. Baltzy, who at first fought against her husband's decision to obtain a divorce, but whose objections finally were overcome.

Nine Sets of Twins Bring Fame to London School

AT one time or another every good-sized school can boast of twins in its roster and the rivalry between schools to hang up a record for the most pairs of twins is keen.

A year or two ago the Consolidated Grade and High School at Logan, Iowa, proudly challenged the world to surpass its record of 13 sets of twins and, so far as could be learned, this

was the "twinniest" school in the world, although there were several close runners-up.

Now London enters the lists with its Hazelbury Council School. The authorities of this school do not claim that they have a record-breaking number of twins, but they do believe that they have more twins in one class than any other school in the British Empire, or elsewhere. They offer the photo-

graph above to tell them apart. They never are sure whether they are talking to Alfred or Elbert, or whether Elbert or Elbel is at the blackboard working out her arithmetic sums.

What Black Forest Women Are Wearing

THE fraulein of Germany's Black Forest, shown in the photograph, is wearing the fashionable costume of that country, which, regardless of the world outside, never admits a change of fashion. The elaborate hat is the same sort of headgear that the lady's grandmother wore, and the wreath and beads are probably heirlooms.

Months are required for the construction of the millinery, and a hat in this country is expected to last the wearer a lifetime, and then it usually passed on to a daughter.



This is the very latest—and also one of the earliest—of fashions featured by the Belles of the Black Forest region of Germany, where the Maids and Matrons go to enthusiastically for Ornate Headgear and Fluffy Neckpieces.



The Nine Sets of Twins Who Attend Classes of the Hazelbury Council School, Edmonton, London, Posing for a Picture That Won Fame for the School Throughout England and Europe.

The Hazelbury school has, of course, offered a sort of experimental clinic for psychologists particularly interested in the physical and mental aspects of twins. The teachers have been asked to keep a careful check on the scholarship records of the twins and to note any marked difference in the mental development of the several pairs.

Over a period of nearly a year the teachers have found that the members of each set of boy twins and of each set of girl twins seem to be about

equal in ability. In the case of the mixed twins the girls appear to be a little bit brighter than the boys. The school which seems to come nearest to the British record is Denver's East High School. At one time, about two years ago, this institution of learning was very much in the spotlight because it happened to have six sets of twins in one of its classes. One of these sets were boys, another was made up of a boy and girl and the other four sets were girls. The teachers had no difficulty with the boys, because one was a blind and

the other was a brunette, but the girls presented a confusing problem. The individuals in these combinations looked so much alike that their instructors never were quite sure which was which. Once in a while the girls, in a spirit of fun, would swap identities to the great amusement of their classmates.



Mlle. Maria Caries, the Hungarian nun who has given up her life as a religious to make her debut on the Budapest stage in the role of Michaela, a character in Bizet's opera, Carmen.

Nun Reverses Tradition and Becomes Actress

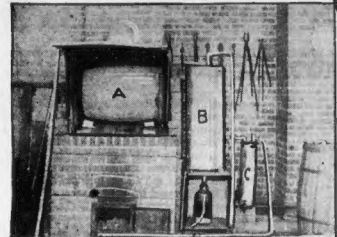
MANY actresses have given up glamorous careers to atone for their sins, real or imagined, in the quiet cloisters of convents, but never, until Maria Caries, a young and beautiful Hungarian nun, put aside her novice's robes to play operatic roles, has a nun reversed the usual procedure and given up the religious life for the theatre. If Mlle. Caries had been a full nun, that is, had she taken her final vows, she could not have doffed the simple habiliments of her order and forsaken the devout atmosphere of a nunnery for the world of fame and of fortune. But, being a novice, she was permitted to change her mind, although her mother superior pleaded with her to remain in the service of the Church. The nun who became an actress still is a deeply religious person. She has not, she was careful to explain, lost her faith in her religious creed, nor does she intend to embrace the world. She feels, after several years in a convent, that she is incapable of being all that a nun should be. There is within her

the urge to act and to sing and she can't put that urge away from her. It would be an offense against the Church, she believes, if she took her final vows with this overwhelming ambition in her mind and heart. On the night that the onetime nun made her debut in the opera "Carmen" the house was packed with music lovers and with others who were curious to look upon the young woman who created a sensation by having the extraordinary honesty to return to the world which she had sincerely forsaken. Those who heard the young prima donna sing the role of Michaela knew that they were listening to an artist who promises to go far in her new role. Even those deeply religious people who were inclined to look upon the singer with disapproval frankly admitted that it would be a shame to stifle such a golden voice. The singer dislikes the publicity that marked her appearance behind the footlights and she prefers not to comment on her decision to abandon the religious life. Her only word for the gentlemen of the press who wrote columns about her successful debut was this:

"Just say that I believe sincerely that my role in life is singing and acting. I am not much interested in making money. I am interested in realizing myself and I'm sure I can bring more beauty into my own life and the lives of other people in my present capacity than I ever could in any other way." Strangely enough, the debut of Mlle. Caries came just at the time when Mlle. Suzanne Delorme, one of the rising young stars of the Parisian stage and a girl who had had her taste of gay life, was quitting the stage to spend the rest of her days in a convent. Just what moved Mlle. Delorme to give up the bright lights and the plaudits of an adoring public for an obscure life of self-sacrifice is not quite clear, but it is supposed that her decision was inspired by her last role on the stage. In this role, the actress played the part of a young novice who fell madly in love with a young man before she took her final vows and who broke the mother superior's heart when she decided that the call of love and the world was stronger than the urge to serve the Church.

Hundreds of Useful Products Recovered From Old Shoes

Chemicals, Fuel, Drugs, Pigments and Gases Distilled From Waste Leather Scraps by Newly Discovered Process Invented by a Young American Chemist



Chemist Michelman's Experimental Retort in Which Old Shoes Are Transformed Into a Great Variety of Useful Products. A—Retort Containing the Scrap. B—Condenser for Cooling Vapors. C—Scrubbing Tower for Removal of Volatile Matter From Gas.

PERHAPS you did not know it, but every time you lace, button or hook up your shoes, be it morning, noon or night, you succeed in fastening to your feet some photographic developer, a portion of "dope" of the cocaine group, some charcoal, a green pigment, a dash of sal-ammoniac, a flare of gas, the base of jasmine perfume and a number of other strange substances that undoubtedly you have never before associated with your footwear.

And when you throw away your old shoes, you throw away all those things that no one knew existed in such scuffed and shapeless articles of the ash barrel and closet corners. It was Joseph Michelman, of Roxbury, Mass., a remarkable and determined young man only three years out of college, who while a score or more of scientific and commercially valuable secrets out of old shoes and scrap leather that heretofore have been thrown away.

Up until the time of Michelman's accomplishment in alchemy, old shoes were regarded as valueless altogether, while scrap leather was used principally for three ends—manufacturing glue, making leatherboard and preparing fertilizers.

Of these three only the last has been pursued extensively, and even this use has been a doubtful one, for chrome-tanned leather (most of the leather utilized for uppers in shoes is chrome-tanned) is injurious to vegetation, according to Guillin, who experimented and gave that as a conclusion in 1917.

Therefore, just as surely as the alchemists of old failed, Michelman has succeeded in manufacturing gold; gold not in its gleaming yellow metal guise, but in a more valuable form of treasure for which gold is freely given. And he has done it from dross. These are some of the things he has discovered in old shoes and scrap leather, and some of the substances are rare and costly.

Chrome oxide green, the only perfectly permanent green known.

Animal charcoal, used in filtering and decolorizing; it also burns.

Gas for fuel.

Ammonium chloride or sal-ammoniac.

Precipitated calcium carbonate.

Pyrocatechol, a photographic developer.

Pyrrrole, pyrrole derivatives and pyrrcol, under which comes:

Indole, a perfume base, and principal component, especially of jasmine.

A dye intermediate from which indigo can be made.

Iodol, or tetraiodopyrrole, an iodine antiseptic similar to, but better than iodoforn.

Nicotine sulphate substitutes for agriculture poisons.

Tropacocaine, a local anesthetic superior to cocaine.

Sulfo-carbamide.

Hydro-carbon oils.

Fats and oils.

All these things—and hundreds of

Tropacocaine, a Local Anesthetic Claimed to Be Superior to Cocaine, Is One of the Products of Old Shoes, Brought Out by Michelman's Process.

others that can be found when these basic substances have been divided and sub-divided, or built up and combined. The Harvard University Year Book for 1923 carries the following terse paragraph besides a small photograph of a leen-visaged young man:

Joseph Michelman—Born October 8, 1896, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Home address, 978 Blue Avenue, Dorchester, Massachusetts. Prepared at the Lancaster High School. In college four years as undergraduate.

That is all. There is no note in the paragraph indicating that this young man used to tuck a football in the crook of his arm and scamper violently toward the west goal to the utter confusion of eleven distraught gentlemen representing Yale; no mark of baseball prowess with the four corners loaded; no basketball, track, hockey, soccer, lacrosse, squash, tennis, golf, dexterity or mandolin notation. Nor is there any affiliation which the numerous collegiate clubs and societies noted.

It seems that Michelman attended Harvard University for the quaint and old-fashioned purpose of securing a solid education that would serve him in good stead after departing the classic halls of Cambridge. And when he came out, pun or no pun, he literally started at the foot with old shoes and the two bits of scraps of leather that had not even attained the dignity of full manufacture and fashioning.

Since then—excepting an intervening and interrupting nervous breakdown and illness brought on by too close application to his revolutionary experiments and the vile smells and fumes of his connections—Michelman has toiled night and day, has studied even harder than at Harvard, has beaten down the stubborn resistance of prejudice, jealousy and

envy; has been put to it to support himself incidentally the while; and has emerged triumphantly, bearing in his chemical-stained hands the substances that have written a new chapter in chemistry and in the leather industry.

Michelman, fresh from college, was started on his successful experiments by a remark of his father, a shoe salesman, that thousands of tons of scrap leather were being practically thrown away each year in shoe factories, with very little use to which the scraps could be put and with no indication that any further utilization would be hit upon.

The remark of his father gave Michelman his idea, and he set about experimenting. It was an easy task—if you knew how, as Michelman now knows how. He didn't then.

Eventually he came to build himself a retort in the form of a big steel barrel. Then he made a condenser and a scrubbing tower.

In the retort he placed leather scrap and heated it over a flame. Volatile substances were expelled into the condenser, and he found that he had three classifications of substances—a gas that distilled at the foot with old shoes and the drive of the externally-applied heat, and a char that remained in the steel retort.

The distillate, or liquid, he collected in a jar or jug beneath the condenser, and the gas he passed through the scrubbing tower, where it was burned as fuel.

The process used then in his experimental stage, and also now on the larger and more productive scale, is similar to that used for distilling coal for coke, coal tar and illuminating gas—and the application of this process

has resulted in the utilization of leather scrap and an article that which there has been no more useless thing in the world—an old shoe.

It is difficult not to become technical in treating of Michelman's old-shoe discovery, as it is difficult for any specialist to "talk down" to the lay mind on his subject. However, Michelman, who is still at the age when most young men go in stronger for baseball games, prize fights, a weekly show, the cheering section at a football game and a myriad other such pastimes, rather than for brain-wearying searching into the intricacies and discerning quirks of organic chemistry, says of his conquering of waste:

"The process involves the destructive distillation of the old leather and leather scraps. It is classified according to the tannage; that is, into vegetable-tanned, mineral-tanned and oil-tanned leathers. This is easily accomplished, however, for nearly all sole leather is vegetable-tanned and most of the upper leather is chrome-tanned. Leather is especially valuable. After it has been used as a decolorizing carbon and has become spent, it is burned for the recovery of the chrome oxide which remains as a fine, green ash, an excellent pigment—chrome oxide green, one of the most valuable and permanent of the green pigments. It is not decomposed by heat, is fast to light, and from chemical considerations is suitable for nearly every purpose.

"Far more interesting than either the solid or the gas, however, is the liquid, usually consisting of two layers, a watery and an oily one.

"The watery layer is full of ammonia, easily recovered as sal-ammoniac when treated with calcium chloride, and also precipitated calcium carbon-

ate. Pyrocatechol, which is a photographic developer, is also recovered from the ammoniacal liquor.

"Others portions of the distillate are a tar and oil. From these are recovered the very interesting compounds pyrrole, pyrrole derivatives and pyrrcol. These compounds have been known for many years, have been extensively studied by Italian and German chemists, but could never be prepared cheaply or on a large scale.

"They have a number of good uses. For instance, pyrrole is easily converted into iodol, a valuable antiseptic from other sources, such as coal tar or bone oil, is so mixed up with other substances that its isolation and purification become impractical.

"The utilization of the large amounts of leather scrap that accumulate in the leather-working industries has heretofore been confined principally to agricultural purposes. However, with the advent of improved methods for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen and for the synthetic production of ammonia, and with the increasing availability of ammonium sulphate from gas works, it is highly probable that the scrap will henceforth find decreasing use in the production of fertilizers.

"In the event that this comes to pass and had my experiments not

proved successful, then old leather and leather scrap might indeed have been tossed aside in the future as complete waste.

"Good, profitable uses for leather scrap, of course, bring important economies to the leather industry. They make leather scrap a source of revenue to the tanner and to the boot and shoe manufacturer."

The char or charcoal remaining after the leather has been heated in the retort and the distillate passed off is, in Chemist Michelman's estimation, alone worth the effort he has expended in writing his new chapter in industrial chemistry, for its properties as a decolorizing carbon and the container of "chrome green" make it immensely valuable.

And, even to the layman with his limited knowledge of chemistry, if any, Michelman's brief comment on this product of his distilling is extremely interesting.

"Leather black," subjected to a process such as that of Chaney and others," he says, "yields a decolorizing carbon possessing unique properties.

"A study of the charred residue remaining in the retorts reveals that it possesses many of the desirable properties of a decolorizing carbon.

"The char from vegetable-tanned leathers is a form of animal charcoal obviously containing some vegetable charcoal arising from the tanning substances. It is composed of nearly pure carbon, liberated at a comparatively low temperature, 350 to 450 degrees centigrade, which is much lower than the critical temperature range below which active or activable carbon should be liberated from its compounds.

"The anatomical structure of the hide is conducive to the formation of a char of great porosity upon carbonization. The corium, which is the only portion of the hide suitable for making, is composed of bundles of fibers which interlace somewhat loosely on the inner side of the hide, but are closely matted on the epidermal, or outer side.

"Carbonization probably causes first an interstitial swelling of the fibrous constituents and then an expulsion of the volatile interstitial substances, leaving a residue of open and porous texture.

"Leather and bones have in common the gelatinous contents. Accordingly, 'leather black' will have some of the same primary or active carbon that is found in bone black.

"Leather black is active—that is, it possesses decolorizing properties."

And in almost endless detail, the astonishing substances Michelman drew from old shoes and scrap leather could be written about and explained—and still there would be much untold.

He has uncovered a prospective fortune in old shoes and which will open up to mankind an entirely new field of supplies for many substances.



Joseph Michelman, of Roxbury, Mass., Inventor of the Process by Which Old Shoes Yield Many Industrial Treasures.



Chrome Oxide Green, the Only Satisfactory Permanent Green Known to Painters, Is One of the Substances Obtained From Old Shoes by the Michelman Process.

Scene in the Experimental Department of the United States Bureau of Standards Showing Dye Experimentation. Chemist Michelman's Process Causes Old Shoes to Yield, Among Many Other Things, a Dye Intermediate From Which Indigo Can Be Made.

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Gallant Swashbucklers Who Were Polite to Their Female Victims and Claimed to Strip Only the Rich; Others, Rapacious Cutthroats With No Idea of Mercy—Their Women Accomplices Worse Than Any Modern "Gun-Moll"

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Humorous Mr. Millar's \$500,000 Motherhood Race Nears Its End

Public Indignation, Legal Procedure and the Canadian Government All Fail to Upset His Will Which Left a Fortune to the Mother of the Most Babies, Besides Race Track and Brewery Stocks to Reformers—and Other Equally Strange Wills

Townsend M. Zink, the Woman Hater, Who Established a \$5,000,000 Library in Lamas, Iowa, on Condition That No Woman Be Allowed Access to It.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."

CHARLES VANCE MILLAR, rich lawyer and sportsman, of Toronto, Canada, seems to have had that Biblical warning in mind when he wrote such an extraordinary will that it sent many "prohibition camels" through the eye of a very wet needle, in fact converted many prohibitionist ministers into brewers' partners. An even greater storm was raised by his half-million-dollar prize for mothers.

Most millionaires are criticized for leaving their wealth to relatives who thereby are enabled to live lives of "ignoble ease" on money which they did not earn. "Why don't they leave it to worthy objects?" is the usual grumble.

In 1926, when Millar died and his will was opened, it was found that he had not made that mistake, for his main beneficiaries were the most worthy objects anyone could possibly have suggested. But instead of a chorus of approval that document has raised such a continuous hullabaloo that as late as last Spring the Ontario Government introduced a bill aimed to break the will. My assertion that it had corrupted not only the clergy but even the mothers.

Below are the clauses in that queer testament which have caused all the commotion. It begins with a chatty little paragraph which seemed at first quite unimportant but turned out to be the one thing that made the entire will impregnable to all legal attacks.

"This will is necessarily uncommon and capricious because I have no dependents or near relatives and no duty rests upon me to leave any property at my death and what I do leave is a proof of my folly in gathering and retaining more than I required in my lifetime.

"I give to Hon. W. E. Raney (former Attorney General and rabid prohibitionist), A. M. Orpen (rival race track owner) and Rev. Samuel D. Chown (pious moderator of the Methodist Church) each one share in the Ontario Jockey Club, providing three years from my death each of them becomes enrolled as a shareholder in the share register of the club, and if any of them fails to do so the said three shares shall form part of my residuary estate.

"To each duly ordained minister of a Christian Church (except one, Spracklin, who shot an hotel keeper during a liquor enforcement raid) resident at my death in the towns of Walkerville and Sandwich and the City of Windsor, and earning his salary by expounding the Scriptures to the sinners there, I give one share in the Kentworth Jockey Club.

"To each Protestant minister exercising his clerical functions at an annual salary and resident in Toronto at the time of my death and at each Orange Lodge in the city, I give one share of the O'Keefe Brewing Company of Toronto, Limited."

With one exception it would be hard to find worthier objects for this sort of charity than Millar had named, yet it was apparent that he had thrown most all but one into a sad predicament. The jockey clubs were pre-occupied devoted to promoting horse racing, which in turn, promotes betting, a thing against which all the beneficiaries but one had often thundered protests.

Each minister's share in the brewery stock was estimated to be worth about \$70,000. Would they accept this "gold of mammoth" and then such prayer and meditation, most of them decided that they would, though some of their flocks, who were not in on the piums, could not see it that way, and made them resign.

The humor in Millar's bequests to the Orange Lodges lay in the fact that they were Protestant organizations and the brewery was controlled by Roman Catholics. But Catholics and Protestants have been good friends and ac-

The Late Mrs. Laura Kirkwood, Who Could Not Bear to Have Her Beautiful Home Occupied by Somebody Else and Directed in Her Will That It Be Razed to the Ground After Her Death.

Successful business associates too often for that question to bother anyone much and the records show that every Toronto lodge applied for a share.

In the excitement caused by these problems, the trouble-making possibilities of the following clause, involving between \$400,000 and \$500,000, was overlooked for the moment, to rise later:

"All the rest and residue of my property, whatsoever situated, I give, devise and bequeath unto my executors and trustees named below in trust to convert into money as they deem advisable and invest all the money until the expiration of nine years from my death and then call in and convert it and its accumulations to the mother who has since my death given birth in Toronto to the greatest number of children as shown by registrations under the Vital Statistics Act. If one or more mothers have equal number of registrations under the said act, to divide the said money and accumulations equally between them."

Hon. W. E. Raney and the Rev. Samuel Chown escaped criticism neatly by becoming members of the jockey club for five minutes, then resigning, selling their stock and giving the proceeds to charity. The scolding of the ministers who had risked their jobs and in some cases lost them, to accept brewery stock, was turned into scornful laughter when it was learned that the cash value of each one's share turned out to be, not \$70,000, as hoped, but less than \$37,000. Still, one can stand quite a lot of laughter even at that price.

The scoldings and the ribald laughter had quieted down, a new furor arose over what was called "a baby massacre" and many were astonished at first. Canada can support many times its present population and though not anxious for undesirable immigrants, needs and wants more Canadians and considers its baby crop most valuable of all. What more revered figure than the self-sacrificing mother of a large brood of children? Who could be more worthy of a rich reward in this world than the woman who had produced her city with the greatest number of children?

But vehement objections were heard!

Countess de Saint-Anger, Who Left the Skin of Her Shoulders to Camille Flammarion, the Astronomer, to Bind His Most Cherished Book—and the Skin Was Flayed After Her Death and So Used.

"The prize was too big. It was corrupting the mothers as it had the clergy. Millar had not specified that the children must all be born in wedlock. Therefore some unwedded mother may carry off the prize."

The amount was increasing, with interest, from \$400,000, and probably would reach half a million before the time limit came. If the Detroit Tunnel should turn from a failure into a success, it might be a million, the biggest prize ever held up for any sort of competition.

It was pointed out that it was not a good thing for the country to have a mother just bear as many children as possible, regardless of whether they were healthy and intelligent enough to grow into useful, self-supporting citizens. Above all, such a mother was no blessing but a public calamity to the community unless she or her husband was sufficiently prosperous to bring them up properly without their becoming a charge on the taxpayers.

Of course, the winner would be assured of more than enough to rear and even make independent more children than could possibly be born to any one human mother. But what about the disappointed rivals who had been mistakenly stimulated into inflicting upon themselves and the community huge

The Late Charles Vance Millar, Who Left \$500,000 to the Mother Who Would Have the Most Babies During the Nine Years After His Death.



Mrs. Henry Brown, of Toronto, With Twelve of Her Twelve Children, Showing the Six Which Have Been Born Since Mr. Millar Made His Will. Mrs. Brown Is Tied in the Race With Mrs. Bagnato, but the Latter Is Seen to Be a Mother Again.



Signorina Italia Almirante in the Medieval Costume She Must Wear One Week Each Year in Accordance With the Will of Her Father, Count Almirante.

litters that they could not hope to support?

Backed by this moral support there were legal attacks upon the will. The chief assailant was Mary A. Vance Millar, of Pasadena, California, who claimed to be the nearest relative of the deceased. After her death the case was unsuccessfully carried on by her executor. That queer phrase stating that the testator knew he was drawing a capricious will saved the day by pointing to an old English precedent in which the House of Lords held that no will could be upset merely because it was capricious unless the testator could be shown to have been insane, and everyone knew that Millar's was one of the coolest, shrewdest minds in Canada.

Unable to shake it legally, the Government was induced to offer a bill exchequing the will on the ground that it was against public policy "in that it tends to the propagation of illegal children, promotes a competition among the women of Toronto in sexual matters and tends to place a premium upon immorality by offering an inducement to women, whether married or not, to compete against each other in sexual indulgence." But the idea was not popular and the bill failed to pass.

As a matter of fact there is not much competition because the race seems to lie between just two women.

At present Mrs. Grace Bagnato, 39-year-old Toronto-born Italian, is favored to win the rich stakes. During her 26 years of married life, she has given birth to 21 children, six since Mrs. Millar's death. While the six eligible place her only on an equal footing with Mrs. Henry Brown, the clerk will again visit the household before many weeks. Mrs. Brown is the mother of nineteen.

Mrs. Bagnato presented her husband with infant number one at the age of 14 and has repeated almost every year since. It is her boast that she has never been in a hospital, never stays in bed more than three days to a confinement and "rarely bothers with doctors." There is still three years, plenty of time for Mrs. Brown to win out if Mrs. Bagnato should falter, and if either should come through with triplets, it would just about ruin the chances of the other.

Legal history is full of the records of strange will cases—instances in

which eccentric men and women have written weird provisions into their last testaments. Townsend M. Zink, an Iowa woman-hater, left provisions for a \$5,000,000 library "for men only."

The beautiful Signorina Italia Almirante, of Rome, must one week a year wear the medieval costume of her ancestors, in accordance with the will of her eccentric father, Count Almirante.

But most eccentric and capricious wills are broken because they are improperly drawn up. They are written in a first emotional outburst upon scraps of paper, are not duly witnessed, are scratched on walls, or, as in one California instance, scribbled on the hem of a nurse's petticoat. One of H. Rider Haggard's fiction heroines, in his "Mr. Messon's Will," had a will tattooed on her shoulder.

The beautiful French noblewoman, Countess de Saint-Anger, bequeathed the skin of her lovely shoulders to Camille Flammarion, the noted author and astronomer, and according to her wishes her skin was used to bind a special copy of Flammarion's book, "Heaven and Earth." A similar bequest was made by a Paris beauty to Eugene Sue, to provide a noble white binding for his masterpiece, "The Mysteries of Paris."

Mrs. Laura Nelson Kirkwood, daughter of the late William R. Nelson, millionaire Kansas City publisher, left a curious will decreeing that following her husband's death the million-dollar home of her father must be razed to the ground, all wood destroyed by burning, all stones carried miles away. The furnishings could be sold, but only to persons who would agree to take them 200 miles away. No one ever knew why Mrs. Kirkwood put this strange provision in her will. All her associations with her father's home, it was supposed, had been happy ones.

All Canada is watching the strange Toronto motherhood race sponsored by the humorous late Mr. Millar.

Tales Everybody Used to Believe

Fantastic Reports of Strange Creatures of Land and Sea Encountered in Odd Corners of the Earth Which Voyagers Solemnly Recounted on Their Return and Nobody Was Able to Deny

From the first voyage of Columbus to the last of the great explorations, the world has been a vast and wonderful place. The tales of strange creatures encountered in odd corners of the earth have been a part of the human imagination since the beginning of time. These tales, recounted by voyagers on their return, have been a source of wonder and fascination for generations.

It is true that many of these tales are now considered as mere legends. Yet, in the eyes of the people of the time, they were facts. The tales of strange creatures encountered in odd corners of the earth have been a part of the human imagination since the beginning of time. These tales, recounted by voyagers on their return, have been a source of wonder and fascination for generations.

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powerful that when a ship was unlucky enough to get in the vicinity it began to move forward, regardless of wind or wave.

As the island loomed over the horizon and grew nearer, its tower increased. Cannon plucked through the ship's wooden sides. Knives jumped out of the sailors' belts and flew away like birds. The anchors stretched straight out at the ends of their cables toward the island which the ship approached with ever-increasing speed. The crew could read the fate of the pile of wrecks strewn along the island's shore. However, just at the last moment, the last bit of iron was torn from the ship and, a providential wind springing up, the vessel was able to sail away, only to be wrecked on the way home because it had no anchors.

So, when a boy ran over to see, his parents worried not so much about the real peril of storms and pirates, but that imaginary leviathans or giant snakes were eating him; or that a mermaid was leaving him on the shore and he would be drowned, and foreign lands were even more dangerous.

The elephant as he really is was sufficiently realistic to Europeans, who never saw anything bigger than a horse, but travelers thought even he ought to be improved, like Jonah's whale. Sir John Mandeville, in his "Voyage and Travels," made Sir Bizarre travel in a long way from a certain Eastern point which he described.

"This creature," he said, "had 1,000 Olifants or men. In can that he had one. Where agent city other Khyber about him, but he must not write men of Arms for to go up into the Castles of Tre, made on the Werra. That craftily be set upon the Olifant's backs, for to frighten away hire Enemies."

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swallowing a little misinformation now and then.

Columbus, Balboa and other Spanish explorers were too busy fathoming real marvels to invent any. Yet De Bry, in his historical volume published in 1598, has a picture made from their descriptions of a race of human beings that lived in trees. This implies the Congoquistad had to invent, even as they are today, were sufficiently dreadful plans without adding these tree-dwellers of which science finds no evidence. Probably the Spaniards were emboldened by ordinary natives who found some particular trees favorable for the purpose.

As late as the last century, in a monastery at the foot of Mount Ararat, two plants, in surprisingly good condition, were to be seen that "had been taken from Noah's Ark."

The proof that these relics were authentic lay in the fact that anyone was free to go right up to the top of Mount Ararat and see for himself the rest of that renowned cart perched where the food had left it on the peak. But it was a long and exhausting trip to the top, so the pilgrims looked reverently at the two plants and let it go at that. There was nothing there, and just for that, even the two plants were withdrawn.

Marco Polo's African with the big feet and the American with the face in his chest were pure inventions, and so with the rest. But the unicorn, the horse with a single horn in its forehead, was the garbled description, passed from mouth to mouth, of the rhinoceros, a bigger, fiercer and more remarkable beast than the mythical unicorn.

Of course, scientific knowledge began to destroy these monsters with ridicule, but the legends and the common persistence of all was the almost universal belief that the bird of paradise has no feet or legs. Jean Baptiste Tavernier, the famous French traveler, has been blamed for starting this notion on the world, but he really did not start it. He merely tried to explain something that he, like everybody else, supposed was a fact.

Skins of the bird of paradise have been shipped to Europe since early times and everyone noticed and asked why they never had any feet. Travelers who claimed, however, in the vicinity of the Moluk Islands seemed to be the proper authorities to have the bird of paradise have no feet or legs. Jean Baptiste Tavernier, the famous French traveler, has been blamed for starting this notion on the world, but he really did not start it. He merely tried to explain something that he, like everybody else, supposed was a fact.

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morning was considered lucky. People thought would not care for such luck unless armed with a good rifle.

The baillie was a small delicate animal with big, bright eyes, often described by old writers, though very few persons had seen one and lived to tell the tale. It had to be asleep or looking the other way because a baillie's glance would frighten a baillie, a baillie was a monster's creature.

John Baptist Pons, a solemn writer on Natural History when old-timers took seriously, recorded these remarkable "facts" which nobody doubted:

"The ape of all things cannot abide a snail; now the ape is a drunken beast, for they are wont to take an ape by making him drunk and a snail will wash in a remedy against drunkenness. The wolf is afraid of the urbane and if

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Paris's Rat-Infested Prison for Women Being Torn Down at Last

Historic Old St. Lazare Finally Given Over to Wreckers Despite the Protests of Those Around It Who Fear Invasion by Its Hordes of Savage Rodents, Which Have Made the Nights of Its Prisoners One Long Terror



The Picturesque Front of St. Lazare, the Women's Prison of Paris, Which Was Built Over 200 Years Ago as a Hospital for Lepers and Now Is Being Torn Down.

PARIS, Aug. 26.

WORKMEN a few days ago began tearing down St. Lazare, oldest and most dismal prison in France, despite the frantic protests of frightened neighbors for miles around. With good reason they foresee a calamity when the ancient building is demolished.

In 1642, nearly a hundred years ago, the structure was condemned. Victor Hugo and other famous men of the past wrote wrathfully that it was a disgrace to France, but it outlived them all.

The French nation is reputed to be the most gallant and logical in the world, but sometimes its reasoning is hard to follow. As the time-blackened pile grew more unsanitary and vermin-infested, the authorities, instead of razing it, made the place a prison exclusively for women!

Why this was done only a bureaucrat would understand, but the reason the neighbors rallied to its defense is clear enough.

"St. Lazare is a landmark," they said. "It is full of history."

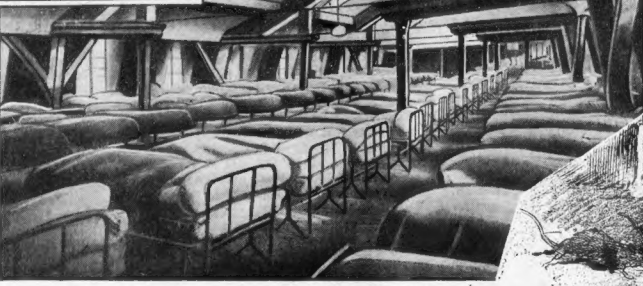
So it is, but that is not the real reason. The dismal, foul-smelling stone building is full of something else—thousands of rats, so large and fierce that they have received scientific recognition. Whenever the Pasteur Institute and other research organizations needed an extra big and vigorous rat, it was customary to specify one from St. Lazare. Their equal is not to be found this side of the wharves of China. When St. Lazare is demolished, this rat army will invade the neighborhood.

Along with the rats, the guards and the women prisoners, several dozen cats also inhabited the prison. The cats of St. Lazare are wise cats. They earned their keep by hunting the mice, but through many feline generations they have learned better than to start hostilities with the big prison rats. Today, rats and cats fraternize and in all ways exhibit a beautiful spirit of friendliness, even eating out of the same dish.

To the women prisoners the rats were a never-ending source of terror. During the day the furtive beasts were not seen very often but often enough to reveal their alarming size. As soon as darkness began to steal into the cells and dormitories, the creatures came out in greater numbers, crawling along the floor and over the rafters. As the night wore on they became bolder, running about the bunks, and, with clammy, dirty feet and cold tails, were the faces of the prisoners who awoke with shivers.

Women have gone mad in St. Lazare from the rats. The only cure in the ancient prison are the kind it first knew when it was built—unlabeled. Unless these are kept in niches in the wall, they are sure to be taken during the night by the four-footed robbers. Shoes, belts and any other leather articles will also disappear if the rats can get to them. Unless the prisoner could pay for the luxury, there were no sheets for her, only a hard and vermin-infested mattress on the bare floorboards of the bunks, and in cold weather she shivered under a single blanket.

For those who could not pay, there were special cells housing only four to six inmates, but most of the 400 bunks were in wards or dormitories. Sometimes the prison had to hold 1,000 prisoners and then 500 had only the floor for a bed. That case the guards arranged the floor-sleepers in such a way as to provide convenient runways for the rats, overhead they passed and repassed over the forms of



One of the Wards in the Ancient St. Lazare Prison, Where Hundreds of Women Slept, Not Only on the Cots but on the Floors, With Rats Running Over Their Bodies. And Many Have Gone Mad From Terror.

the women and nobody could sleep on account of their hysterical screaming.

It is no accident that rats are more strongly entrenched at St. Lazare than in any other penal institution. Beneath the old foundations, laid in the twelfth century when it was a leper hospital, exists a labyrinth of passages and chambers. Some are modern sewers, others ancient ones abandoned since Napoleon's day, and there is a crypt of unknown use connected with a canal once used to draw water from an old stream now forgotten.

In those damp and pitch-dark haunts the rats hide during the day, and even some of the cats go down to visit their strange friends.

There is reason to believe that there are many thousands of the rodents, but that they only visit the prison when emergencies call for turning out in large numbers.

The rats, like the cats, are wise and not whose and had long since been sealed with masonry. As their lamps sent rays of light down the mouldering old aqueduct and their feet splashed in its slimy ooze they heard from the further end a prodigious chorus of squeals. In the cramped space of the low tunnel, the noise was alarming. It rapidly increased in volume and nearness and then came something even more terrifying. The guards saw what looked like a river of sparks which rapidly grew into balls of fire as it swept toward them.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the man in the lead. "We are lost. All the rats in Paris are attacking us."

"Stand still and do not strike," commanded the head of the party just in time. "Perhaps they are only trying to escape. It is a cat de sac."

He was right. The rat deluge flowed over and around the trembling men, but did not bite. When the last of the rodents had vanished into the crypt, the guards resumed their hunt and at the end of the canal found

Types of Women Prisoners in One of the St. Lazare Hospital Wards.



what they sought. It was the remains, hardly more than the bones and torn clothing, of the two runaways.

Perhaps the women had groped their way that far in the dark before the rats molested them. Perhaps the animals drove them there, squealing and nipping at their heels. Some time during that dreadful night the rats had swarmed up on them like a wave, and dropped and leaped upon them from the rough walls. They had killed and more than half eaten them. One woman was a shoplifter, the other a drug addict who was there to be cured.

As they were gathering up the pitiful remains, one of the men dashed to throw the light of his lamp into a hole caused by the collapse of some of the stones in the wall, and was startled to see more balls of fire. At first it was thought these were the eyes of rats that for some flight from the scene, but more light revealed the presence of three of their own prison cats.

After that the door to the labyrinth was never left open again, but it probably would not have mattered. The prisoners were allowed to see what the guards brought back and every newcomer was told of that sight the first day she arrived.

Ferret had been tried, but they dive down the rat holes ambitiously and never are seen again. However, about 100 rats a day are caught in various parts of the prison in traps set by professional rat catchers to sell alive to the various laboratories of Europe for cancer and other research work.

The origin of this venerable infamy called a prison dates back to the beginning of the Twelfth Century, when it was a hospital for lepers. History relates that Louis VII, on his way to the crusades, visited the asylum and was surprised at the number of beggars afflicted with the disease. In

bygone days the kings of France looked with favor on St. Lazare, enriching it with donations, special privileges and grants of land, and it was their custom, before being consecrated at St. Denis, to stop here in the "logis du roi" and take the oath of fidelity.

In 1615, the hospital was transformed into a monastery by the monks of the order of St. Victor. While these holy men continued to receive and succor lepers, they managed affairs so badly that Vincent de Paul and the members of his order were put in charge of the buildings. At St. Lazare, Vincent de Paul devoted his life to ministering to the disinherited, distributing soup and bread to the poor and taking care of abandoned children. He lived in a simple cell, wore wooden shoes and slept on a mat. This Good Samaritan died in 1660, and his tomb may be seen today in the chapel of the prison.

During the Revolution, St. Lazare was used as a State prison, and it was here that 1,400 prisoners of the Terror were incarcerated. The cells and passages made famous by these "grand seigneurs" and "noble dames" and

the courtyard from which they left in tumbrils for the guillotine have remained practically unchanged to the present day. Here the poet Andre Chenier and Jean-Antoine Rouquier, man of letters, shivered with cold and hunger before going to the scaffold. Marquis de Sade, celebrated for his books and vices, served a long sentence at St. Lazare. Beaumarchais, author of "Figaro," had the luck to rest in only five days.

After the Revolution, St. Lazare became a prison for women. Its sombre walls witnessed gay scenes during the Commune, in 1871. The sisters of St. Joseph were expelled and the new directors, "Citizens" Heuse and Mouton, with their Communist compatriots, held high revels here, feasting, drinking and dancing with the girl prisoners.

The chapel organ furnishing the dance music! At the end of the Commune, government troops occupied St. Lazare and summary executions were the order of the day. Communists were lined up against a wall and shot down. In one day four women in the hospital ward of the prison died of fright.



The Two Escaping Women Prisoners Found Them-selves

in One of the Ancient Corridors Beneath the Prison. Immediately the Rats Swarmed Up on Them Like a Wave, and Dropped and Leaped Upon Them From the Rough Walls. And Next Morning the Searching Party of Guards Found Little More Than Their Bones.

At the end of the Commune, government troops occupied St. Lazare and summary executions were the order of the day. Communists were lined up against a wall and shot down. In one day four women in the hospital ward of the prison died of fright.

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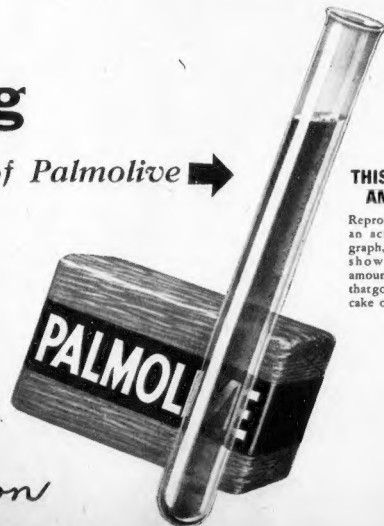
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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Travelers' Tales Everybody Used to Believe

(Continued from Double Page)

we wash our mouth and throat with urchin's blood it will make our voice shrill, though it were hoarse and dull like a wolf's voice. Likewise the breath of elephants draws serpents out of their dens and therefore the members of elephants burn and drive away serpents."

Toads had precious jewels in their heads. Not always, as people found out after killing numbers of these insectiferous creatures and never happening to find one. The blood or bones of each animal was a "sovereign remedy" against some disease or misfortune. There was no end to this lore and our ancestors' heads were living encyclopedias of this childish misinformation which everyone thought he ought to know.

As late as 1864 Henri Mouhot, a really distinguished naturalist, published a book called "Travels in the Central Parts of Indo-China, Cambodia and Laos," and made an interesting sketch showing the way in which apes tease and torment their greatest enemy, the stealthy crocodile, by swinging about his head and tapping him now and then until some one of the frolicsome more foolishly or less agile than the rest, gets his paw caught in the trap and vanishes into the crocodile's interior. Later naturalists following in Mouhot's footsteps watched in vain for signs of this man-like folly in the ape, or rather the monkey, which was what Mouhot meant.

The people of Holland have had the reputation of being a hard-headed, practical race, not easy to deceive. Being strict sailors, nobody could fool them much about the water, but they were curiously gullible about marvelous trees. It was the Dutch, rather than the English, who spread the belief through Europe of that fabulous tree in Scotland of which Mander, in his "Cosmography," wrote: "In Scotland we find trees, the fruit of which appears like a ball of fire. This fruit falling at its proper time in the water below, becomes animated and turns into a bird, which they call the tree-fool."

Aeneas Sylvius, who later became Pope Pius II, visited Scotland and asked everyone to show him one of these trees he had heard about. Although eager to please the eminent ecclesiastic, the Scotchmen were unable to point one out, which caused the future Pope to have his doubts. The Dutch governors of Java

firly believed in the miraculous powers of the Upari tree on their island and vouched for it. According to an account published in the "London Magazine" in 1786, nothing could live near this vegetable monster. Its bark secreted a poisonous gum which was used for executing criminals, but no reward would induce anybody to collect it because a poisonous effluvia from the tree had blasted all kinds of life, even vegetable and birds flying by and swimming in the streams for fifteen miles in all directions. However, by taking advantage of a strong wind it was possible to reach the tree alive and there was then a feeble chance of cutting off some of the gum and getting away.

Criminals sentenced to death were given pardon if they would and could collect a small boxful of the gum. Usually they tried and died. Such was the story implicitly believed, but science has never been able to locate any such murderous tree.

It was the Dutch, also, who first told about the curious "rain tree" of the island of Ferro. According to their account, a constant shower of rain fell from the leaves creating a good-sized pond around the trunk, which the natives used as an unfailing

water supply. There really are trees that "weep" rather copiously at certain seasons but no such arboreal shower bath.

Only a few years ago a strange thing happened. Dr. Ivan Levey, British explorer, returning from an expedition in New Zealand, reported that he met and was forced to battle for his life and finally to flee from a giant bird some twenty feet tall. But science is unable to find any such creature on the face of the earth. It is hard to understand how a fatter of such conspicuous size could hide itself in New Zealand, and even if it could, it seems that its bones would be found.

With such terrifying advertising of the world, some people preferred death to travel. In the time of the great King Xerxes, a noble named Sataspes had been condemned to death. But the King offered him a full pardon if he would sail out through the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) around the African continent and into the Red Sea. Tradition related that this had been done in the opposite direction by an Egyptian fleet and Xerxes wanted to know if it was possible.

Sataspes was inclined to have his head cut off and get it over

with rather than face the million deaths and terrors that he had heard awaited anyone who went outside of the Mediterranean. However, his family and friends persuaded him that he might as well take a chance, and he set out. He managed to get about a third of the way around and by keeping on might have saved his life and made his name immortal. But no, the strain of carrying something new and dreadful was more than he could stand. He preferred to go home to a sure death than that he knew.

Sataspes got his wish. Xerxes executed him. While pilgrims and roving travelers were unconquerable liars, one must admire the accuracy of some of the very ancient explorers. Herodotus tells that Pharoah Necho, about 600 B. C., sent some ships in command of Phoenician sailors from the Red Sea to circumnavigate Africa and return by the Pillars of Hercules, the trip that Xerxes had heard about. The Egyptians believed that the ocean was a great circular river flowing around the edge of the earth and therefore that anything could be circumnavigated. For once their misinformation helped them.

It took these brave mariners in their creaking boats nearly three years to make that voyage, but they did it. Their food ran out, and twice they had to stop, plant grain and harvest it somewhere on the coast of that unknown continent. Herodotus doubted the adventure because the sailors reported that a great part of the time the sun was on the wrong side. That is just where it belongs as anyone who has studied his geography knows, but to Herodotus and others of his time, that truthful observation sounded fake. The Pharaoh who sent them out had to believe them because he knew there was no other way of getting into the Mediterranean. But later generations who would have swallowed yarn about unicorns, fiery dragons and men with several heads, sneered at "liars who pretended to have sailed past the sun."

Pliny informs us that Hanno the Carthaginian started around Africa in the opposite direction. There were a lot of Hannos and the date is uncertain, but he set out with a great fleet of sixty-seven quinqueremes, carrying men, women and children, to found colonies. Hanno sailed some distance

down the west coast, planted his colonies, told what he had seen and was called a liar. Among other things, he reported a great opening in the coast where vast fires were seen continually issuing from the earth. Only in recent times was that spot identified as the great bay into which the Gambia River empties and where fires of dried prairie grass often make it look as if the whole world was afire.

For some reason even the gullible ancients refused to accept his story of hairy wild men who climbed trees and cliffs with the agility monkeys and were so fierce and powerful that only three females could be taken alive, and even these soon had to be killed. Hanno named them "gorillas" and though he brought home the skins, the world did not believe him.

The biggest of the apes which now carries that name is probably not the one Hanno encountered. He would never have managed to capture three full-grown females alive. They were, more likely chimpanzees, but even that was a sufficiently remarkable accomplishment.

The first reports of the great apes brought back by modern explorers were angrily denied until

photographs, skins and finally live specimens were shown to the scoffers. The human race would much rather believe in a bird that can pick up three elephants at a time than in an animal so embarrassingly like ourselves.

Travelers were rather modest about pretending to have personally seen the phoenix. This was not surprising considering that only one specimen of this remarkable bird was supposed to exist. Ordinarily that would mean extinction, but not for the phoenix. It felt itself growing a big aged and rheumy-looking bird flew into the first good-sized fire it saw and allowed itself to be burned to ash. From these ashes presently arose a brand new phoenix, with its youth renewed and not even a feather singed.

This was the orthodox account, but there was another story that the phoenix was a female and as she grew old laid just one egg. That egg apparently never got broken or failed to hatch out into another female, which grew to full size just as the mother died. The daughter phoenix then dutifully put its mother's body on its back and flew straight up to the sun, whose flames acted as a funeral pyre.

The phoenix was supposed to live somewhere in Northern Africa and the Egyptians and Carthaginians had no doubt that it existed. For some reason it fitted in with other misinformation in their minds and seemed probable, while Hanno's description of gorillas and the Phoenicians' statement that they had sailed across the sun were repudiated.

But the stay-at-home liars invented creatures that spread more terror and did more harm to health and sanity than all the travelers' yarn put together. A village could not make his neighbor believe that when he was lashed out into another female, might a bear, fifty feet tall, had pursued him. The neighbor would want to see the bear's tracks.

But he could safely say that he had seen Satan himself or any of the lesser fiends, for they are supernatural and might not leave tracks. Or he could tell of watching witches fly by on broomsticks and get away with it. As a result, on top of the real dangers which threatened their wretched lives, those believing souls who lived in "the good old days" often went insane worrying about demons, were-wolves and other imaginary beings.

The Callater Treasure By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 12)

help me there, so I am afraid there is nothing doing."

Again came the chuckle, but this time it had a queer quality of friendliness.

"I have had many excellent collaborators, not one of whom accepted my ventures in the first instance. I perceive that you are no exception."

"But I never had any intention of working with you!" protested Ronald indignantly. "I came here to offer you certain information."

"Assuming that you will not accept money, I have nothing to offer you in exchange—as yet. Good-night, young man."

Thus dismissed, Ronald made for the door, exasperated by the knowledge that he had been defeated by nothing else than the old villain's honesty.

"Give me the chart you stole from Miss Callater," he exclaimed, feeling like a rude schoolboy.

"Certainly. But you are making a poor bargain. The chart merely indicates the spot in which I have dug."

"Then you admit stealing it from me?" cried Ronald.

"Forget your professional habits, Channel. I object to being talked to as if I were a pumpkin in the witness box."

As he spoke, the old man laid his crutch toward his desk, which Ronald took to be taken literally—here is the ring. If you desire the chart as a chart—here is a reproduction."

Ronald took the chart and the ring. He had not in the least wanted either. But he had come to Winterbourne in the hope of being able to drive him into a corner and now he had to do it in the end and had been forced to sell his information for the mere satisfaction of bringing up that business about the ring.

He glanced idly at the chart and the word Rurus caught his eye. He stared at it. Why had Callater written it down?

"All chipped away!" he muttered aloud.

"What is chipped away?"

"Again he felt the gimlet stare of the pale eyes."

"Sorry, sir! I've taken to muttering manias lately. Haven't had much sleep lately. I spent last night watching your fellow."

But you don't want to hear about that. According to your latest tale, the gold must have been under the desk-boxes that filled the first (and by the way, the only) trunk. You apparently went on digging after the gold in order to make a hole big enough to have contained the gold as well as that burglary stuff, so as to back up your yarn. But the yarn isn't true, for the fact that there wouldn't have been time to get the gold under the desk-boxes. You didn't make any inquiries about the gold. I did. Callater used to borrow

money on it from time to time and receive it.

"That gold was in pawn in the City on the day before Callater left. The Laurels. He took it away that day—in the middle of the morning—and he would only have had just that one night in which to bury it."

Abundantly Ronald had come to the end of his story. Winterbourne was standing, leaning on his crutch, saying nothing.

"I don't know how much you want in the way of proof to complete the bargain. I don't intend to give away the fellow who told me."

"I require no proof!" croaked Winterbourne. "Long years of this kind of discussion have given me a certain instinct. This is by the way, the second mistake I have made in this enterprise."

Ronald folded the chart and thrust it into his pocket. Winterbourne looked at him steadily.

"Suppose I tell all this to Scotland Yard?"

"I shall have time to fabricate an explanation," chuckled Winterbourne. "Whereas, if the fact you have revealed had been sprung upon me, I might have found myself in difficulties. You have saved me in this respect, and as such, I consider, Channel, that I shall list in your debt—which be chart and the ring, you are very inadequately paid."

He turned away, and Ronald found himself pondering over Winterbourne's use of the word "another." It was what other would he possibly have helped?

Before he got into bed he pulled out the chart and was again struck by the word Rurus.

"It slipped away!" he repeated and then:

"Winterbourne can't have meant that—how could it help him?"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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REAL LIFE MOVIES The Truth About Sally

Maybe you have a little girl like Sally—and perhaps, like Sally's mother, you have been unjust to her. Not deliberately, of course, but—well, listen!



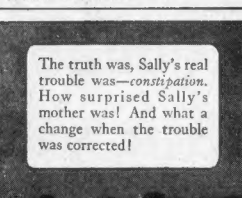
2. "Sally Lennox! I'm ashamed of this report card. What will your father say! I'm sure Barbara Weeks didn't bring home a report card like this. Why can't you do as well as she?"

3. No wonder Sally cried herself to sleep that night. How she hated Barbara Weeks! Why must they always compare her with Barbara? She tried—she tried so hard. But somehow...

4. And then—a month later—another report card... and her grades even lower than the month before. Only a child could suffer as Sally suffered. How she dreaded going home from school...



5. Sally handed the card to her mother with trembling lips. Then, suddenly, sobs shook her little body. Mrs. Lennox, wet-eyed herself, held her close. How cruel she had been! Because...



6. That afternoon Miss Dwight, the school nurse, had called. She had asked many questions about Sally. Such a quiet, listless sort of little girl! Some might even call her lazy. But—



7. What a hurry Sally is in to get home! And no wonder! This month she has a better report than Barbara Weeks! And her teacher says she has improved amazingly. What a happy girl!

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Compact Conveniences in Crowded Space

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"It's convenient to be compact!" All trends in modern housing and room arrangements stress the elimination of waste space. Gone is the "roomy" kitchen, the vast vaulted attic, and the more lovely cellar—if not yet gone, is going rapidly.

The does not necessarily mean that beds must be pulled out of the wall at night, or that we must needs go downstairs. But it does mean an increasing study of space on the part of both architect and homemaker, particularly the space of waste areas in loose construction, room walls, and the many storage needs of the household.

It is most interesting, even fascinating, to study the method and order in which may be placed the countless objects and belongings of daily use. Take the dishes used for every meal—how do we locate them when not in active service? The common practice is to pile them, one above the other along a horizontal dimension and place these

placings on pantry or cupboard shelf. But the same plates may be stood up on end and packed close one against the other in a vertical dimension. This is sometimes done using a vertical rack above the sink, or is always followed when stacking dishes upright in a wire basket to drain.

The other day the writer visited the camp of a clever fisherman and was shown his elaborate utensil storage. And there were his eating plates stacked upright on end and one against the other from front to back, the depth of the shelf! Surely no woman would have thought of this unique placement, but who shall say what stacking order is the best one?

Suppose we take a number of garments and a number of men's trousers, and are given a definite space, how shall we solve the problem of the best order of these garments in the given space? The old-fashioned closet was a terrible space waster because many hooks placed at casual intervals did not permit of planned arrangement. Tests and a foot rule have proved that a space one-inch wider than the average coat hanger and not more than eighteen inches deep will provide ample for twelve garments. This features one of the best methods of arranging garments in a series, and that is hanging from front to back, one behind the other in a vertical position. This idea is still more effective if the entire grouping can be pulled forward for still greater convenience in visibility and choice.

Practically speaking, any household can bring such arrangement into a badly planned closet or space by the use of an extension garment hanger or rod. Several excellent types are on the market, finished in steel or chromium, operating on ball-bearings, so that the slightest touch at the front knob swings the entire stailation forward out of the closet. Most of these extension rods, fitted with a couple of screws to the underside of any shelf and can be attached in a few minutes.

Turning to the trousers, which cannot be hung on typical garment hangers, we find several solutions. One is the order of arrangement so familiar in the folding towel rack, having several bars which extend outward, that which fold back against the wall. Thus, this arrangement operates from a central pivot and affords as many hanging surfaces as there are radiating arms. A system of several such rods joined together along even a short two-foot length of wall will support from nine to twelve trousers, towels, skirts, or any article capable of so hanging.

Wring to do with shoes is a modern problem, because they must not be left where they will become dusty or knocked and then they must be easily visible when needed. The average shoe cabinet, while keeping them clean, fails entirely from the important point of visibility. Nothing is more mortifying than to be forced to open a number of drawers and shut them again, finally locating the much-needed pair. Better is the idea of a shelf in the dressing closet placed at a sloping angle, and having a supporting cleat on which to hang the sole. Rows of shoes so placed are instantly visible, with a glance, and off the dust of the floor.

Another thing to do with shoes is a modern problem, because they must not be left where they will become dusty or knocked and then they must be easily visible when needed. The average shoe cabinet, while keeping them clean, fails entirely from the important point of visibility. Nothing is more mortifying than to be forced to open a number of drawers and shut them again, finally locating the much-needed pair. Better is the idea of a shelf in the dressing closet placed at a sloping angle, and having a supporting cleat on which to hang the sole. Rows of shoes so placed are instantly visible, with a glance, and off the dust of the floor.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit Hot Cereal Popovers Coffee Luncheon Vegetables in Casserole Brown Bread Savory Relish Iced Tea Dinner Stuffed Round Steak Browned Gravy Dessert Spinach or Cauliflower Celery Orange Charlotte	Breakfast Fruit Scrambled Eggs with Cheese Cakes Casserole Luncheon Coffin Mellin's Food Dinner Fruit Salad Iced Cocoa Dinner Mixed Grill of Thinly Sliced Ham and Cakes Tomato Salad Charlotte	Breakfast Fruit Creamed Beef Corn Fritters Ribs Coffin Luncheon Fruit Cream Cakes Dinner Cherry Jelly Cakes Iced Cocoa Dinner Beef à la Morte Lard Green Salad French Dressing Apple Pie	Breakfast Fruit Corn Potato Cakes Braised Bacon Coffin Luncheon Savory or Spaghetti Dinner Relish Ice Box Rolls Watercress Salad Iced Tea Dinner Lime Juice Cakes Dessert Braised Codfish Fillet Asparagus Potatoes Pineapple Shrimp Delicate Cake	Breakfast Fruit or Tomato Juice Shad Roe Balls Hush Potatoes Mellin's Food Luncheon Cape Cod Clam Chowder French Dressing Fruit Salad Dinner Coke on the Cob Dinner Potatoes or Noodles Cucumber Salad Dessert Mystery Cake Iced Punch	Breakfast Fruit Plain Omelet Ice Box Rolls Coffin Luncheon Cherry Soufflé with Marmalade Sauce Dinner Omelet Graham Bread Iced Cocoa Dinner Stuffed Meat Loaf Coke on the Cob Dinner Potatoes or Noodles Cucumber Salad Dessert Mystery Cake Iced Punch	Breakfast Fruit Peaches Coffin Dinner Steak Chops Potato Salad Tomato Salad Dessert Butter Sandwiches Heavy Dew Molasses Balls in Gravy Dinner Coke on the Cob Dinner Potatoes or Noodles Cucumber Salad Dessert Mystery Cake Iced Punch or Milk

American Weekly Patterns



7659 7648 7421 7657 7614 7670 7671

as in the large view. With puff sleeves as in the small view 2 yards will be required.

A Dainty Dress for a Small Girl (7671). Designed in 8 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 1 1/2 yards of the 35-inch width material if made with caplet or with puff sleeves. The caplet alone will require 3/4 yard. The shawl of ribbon will require 2 yards.

GIRL'S DRESS (7421). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. Size 2 if made with the collar requires 1 1/2 yards of material 29 inches wide. Without collar, 1 1/4 yards. To trim as illustrated requires 4 1/2 yards of bias binding or piping and 4 1/2 yards of lace edging.

BOY'S SUIT (7614). Designed in 8 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; 3/4 yard is required for the pockets of mullin or lining cut crosswise. Collar of contrasting material requires 1/2 yard.

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